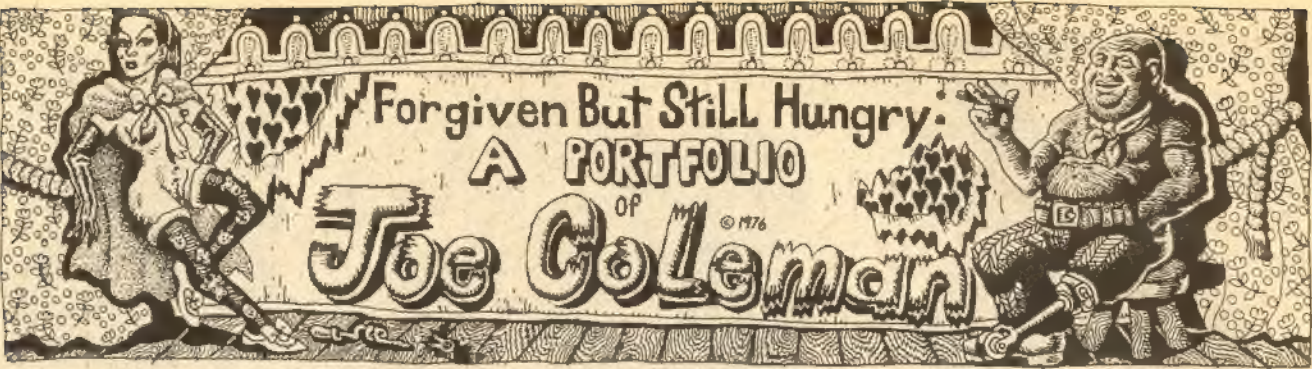


JOE COLLEMAN'S

COLLECTED COMIX





Forgiven But Still Hungry: A PORTFOLIO OF Joe Coleman

© 1976





ANGUS GRUND 1961



AND AFTER THAT WE ALL SAT AROUND DISCUSSING THE PROGRAM.





The Wages of Sin



Words & Pictures
by
Joe Coleman





Science is an important aid in God's work. It produces new and beautiful ways in which to castigate mankind for its many vices. Nature has helped the Holy Spirit in the past with floods, famine, earthquakes, and many great and wonderful natural disasters. But as mankind grows more evil, it is necessary for it to find new and more severe ways in which to discipline its children.

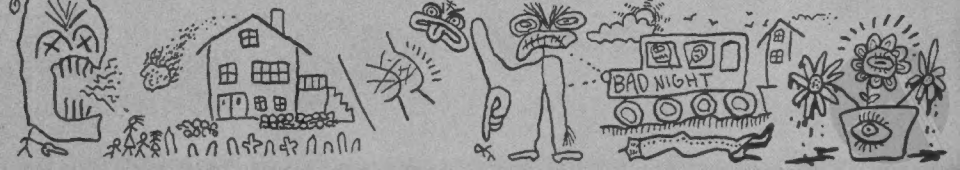


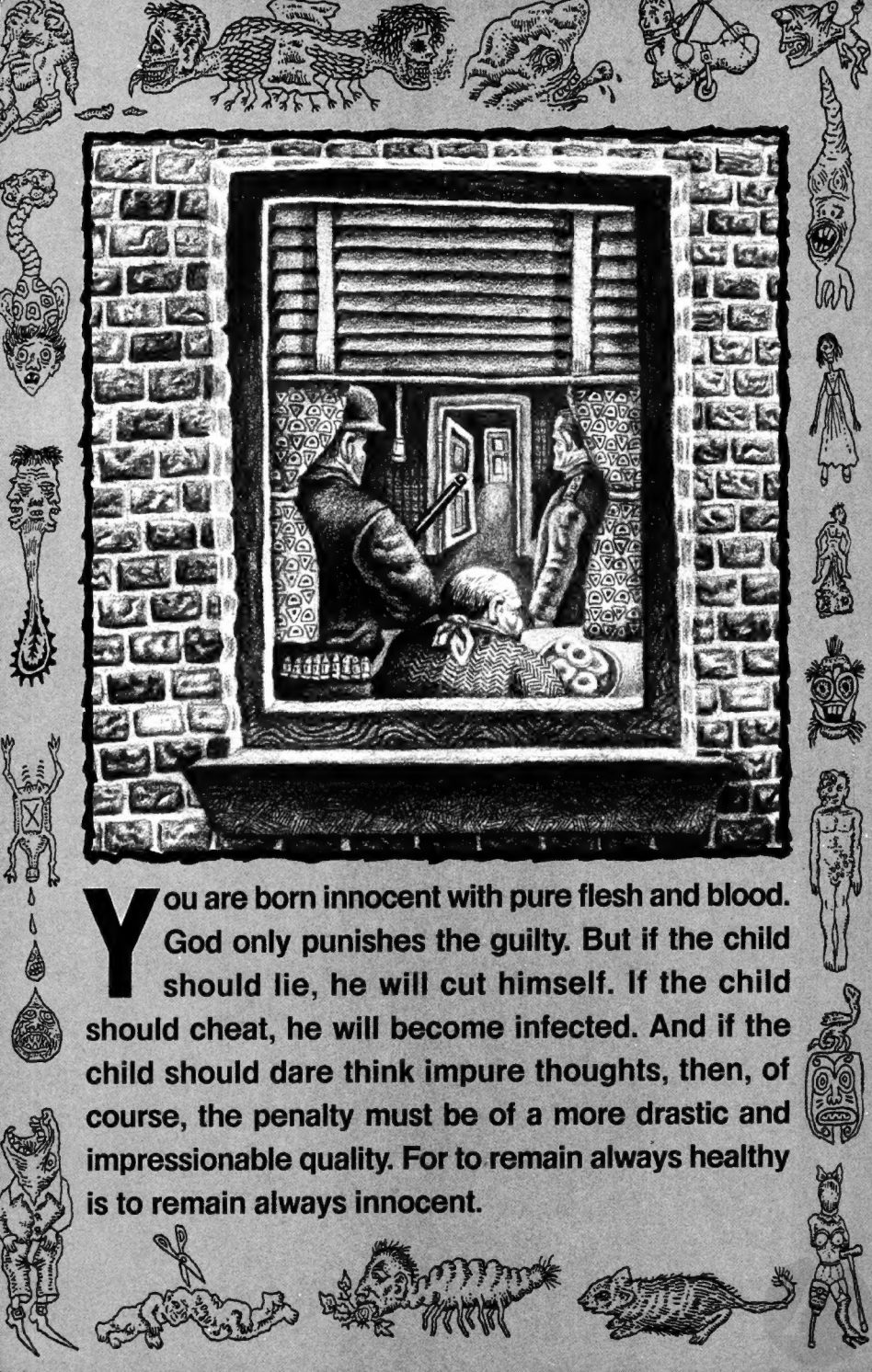
Armed forces, too, have a divine mission. It does not matter who is stronger or which side wins a war, for it is the infinite and creative ways in which to produce human suffering which are truly holy. In every foxhole smothered in toxic gas, in every army hospital, in all of the torture and interrogation cells, you will hear the sinner beg for God's forgiveness. It is too late.

OWN



ZERO





You are born innocent with pure flesh and blood. God only punishes the guilty. But if the child should lie, he will cut himself. If the child should cheat, he will become infected. And if the child should dare think impure thoughts, then, of course, the penalty must be of a more drastic and impressionable quality. For to remain always healthy is to remain always innocent.



Little germs are holy spirits which enter a transgressive host and meet out the appropriate punishment. Sin is a physical manifestation which grows and devours flesh and bone, one cell at a time for every little offense. The worse the transgression, the more serious the wound. Cancer, AIDS, heart disease—even a car crash is no accident. It is a punishment.

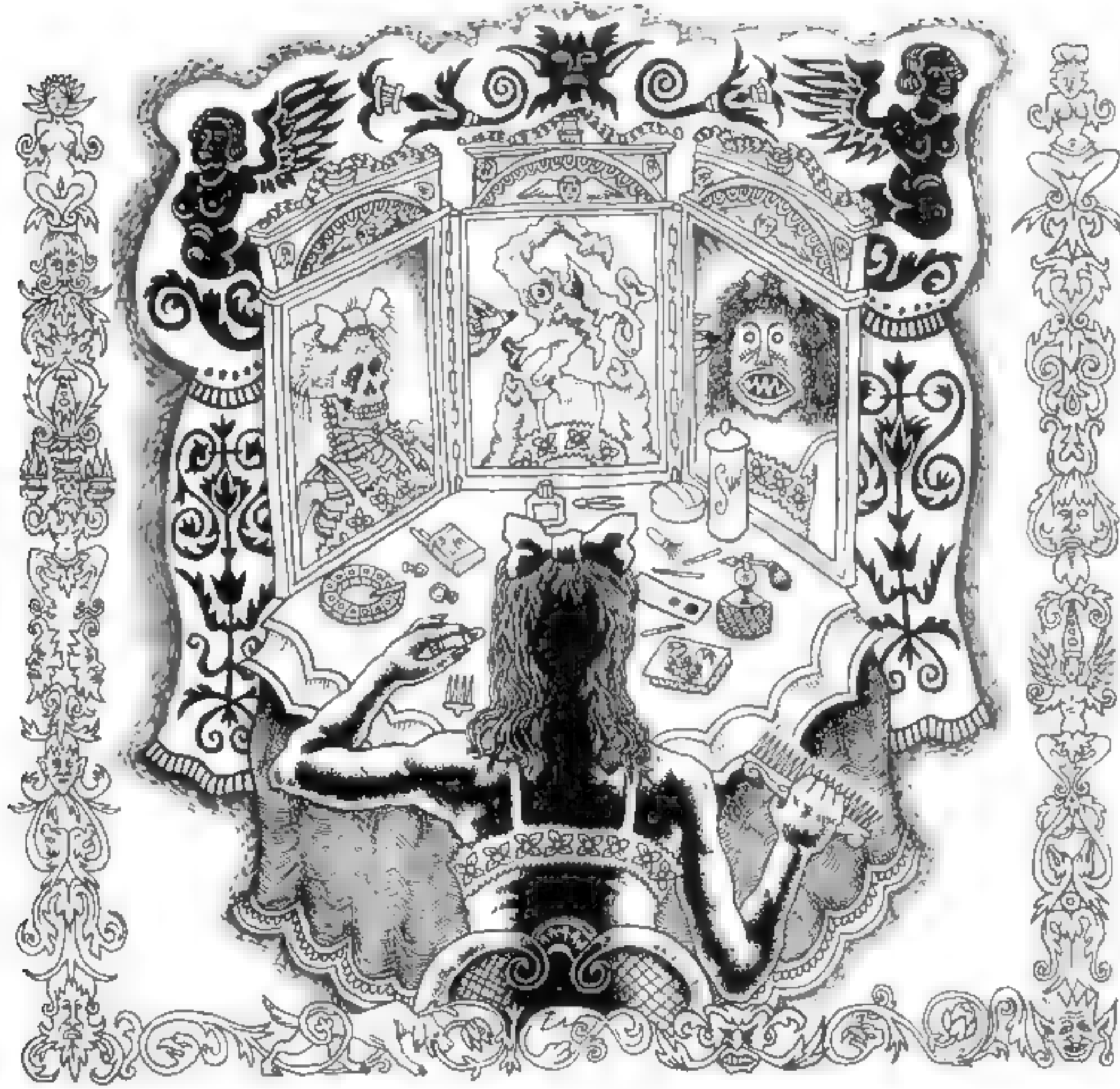


So you see, it is the priest, the scientist and the armed forces who all work together in a tireless and continuous effort to spread the will of God. For to be truly holy is to be free from death and disease.

*For from the flesh itself do spring
Those worms that are devouring.*

—Pierre de Nesson

THE VAIN



And those that walk in pride he is able to abase.

Daniel iv, 37.

Rise up, ye women that are at ease; hear my voice, ye careless daughters; give ear unto my speech. Many days and years shall ye be troubled.

Isaiah xxii, 9, 10.

THE RULING CLASS



And he that is to-day a King, to-morrow shall die.

Ecclesiasticus x, 10.

For when he dieth he shall carry nothing away: his glory shall not descend after him.

Psalm xlix, 17.

THE YOUNG AND THE OLD



Man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down; he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not.

Job xiv and 2.

My breath is corrupt, my days are extinct, the graves are ready for me.

Job xvii, 1.

THE WICKED

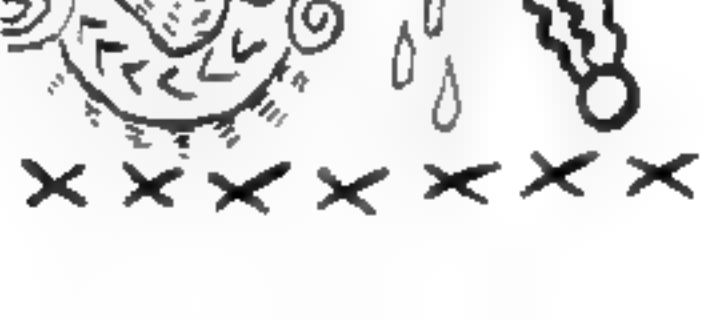
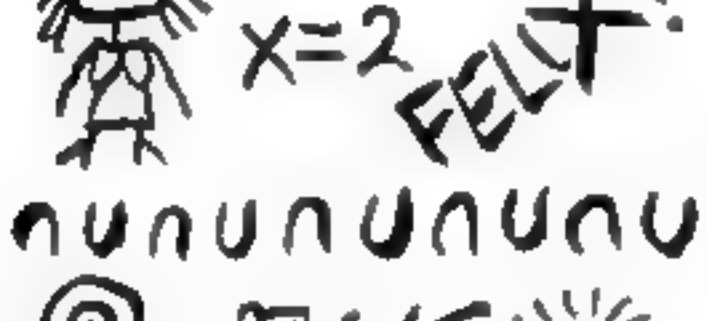
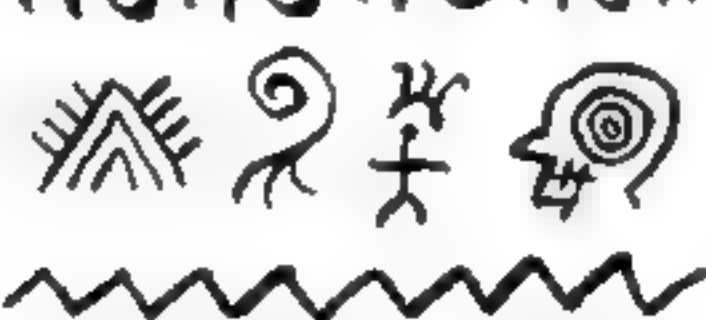
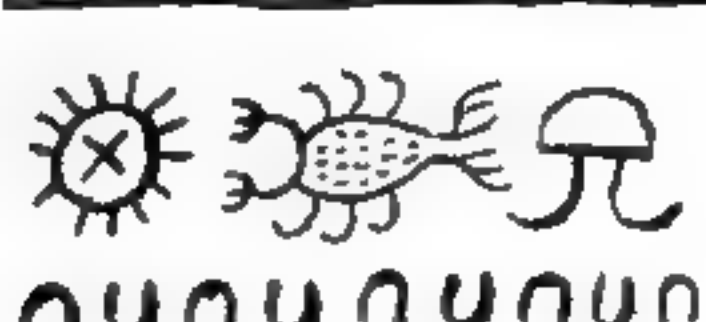
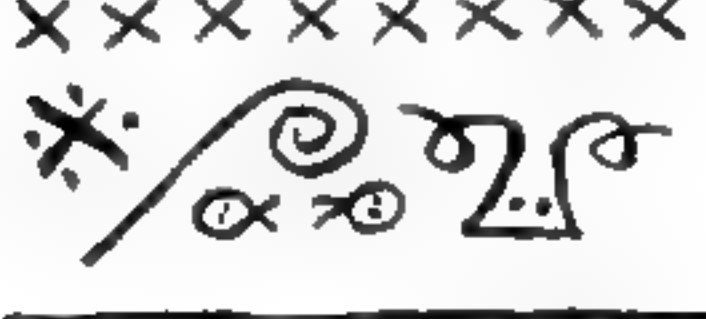
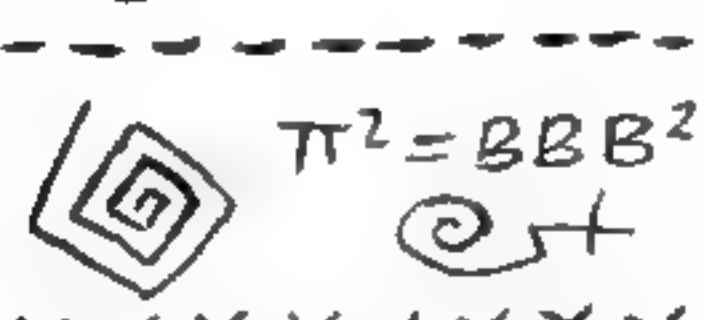
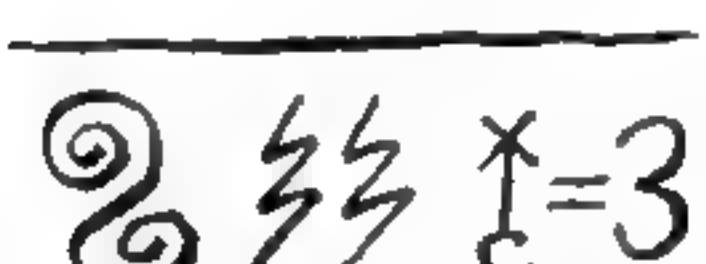
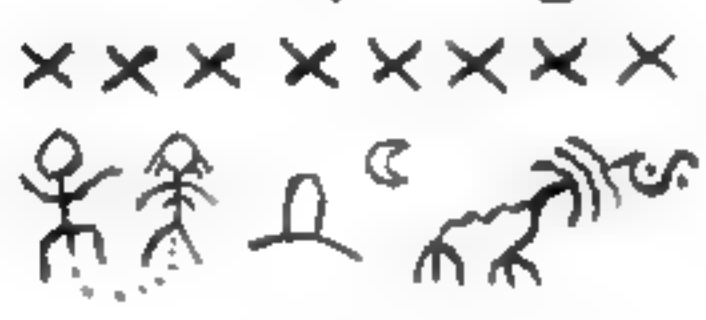
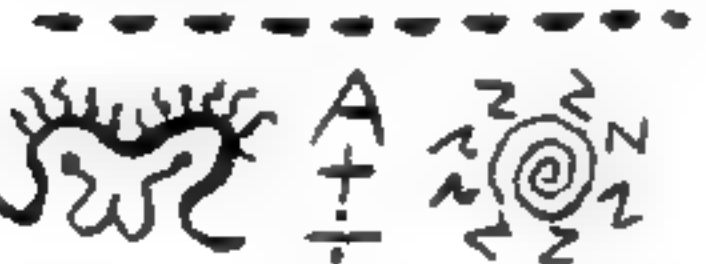
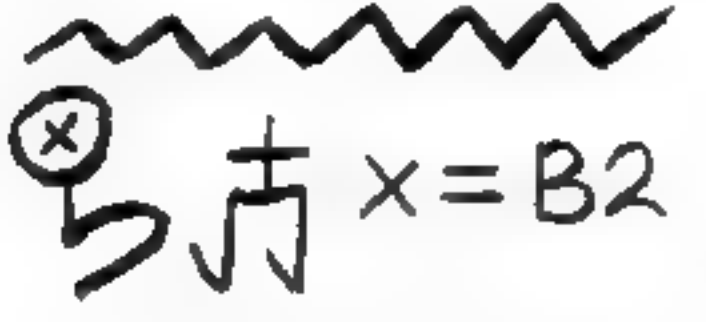


Woe unto them that call evil good, and good evil; that put darkness for light, and light for darkness; that put bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter.

Isaiah v, 20.

Such as sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, being bound in affliction.

Psalms cvii, 10.



THE PRIEST



Wherefore I praised the dead which are already dead more than the living
which are yet alive.
Ecclesiastes iv, 2.

He shall die without instruction; and in the greatness of his folly he shall go
astray.
Proverbs v, 23.

THE LOVERS



The Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me.
Ruth i, 17.

Thou shalt not come down from that bed on which thou art gone up, but shalt
surely die.
2 Kings i, 4.



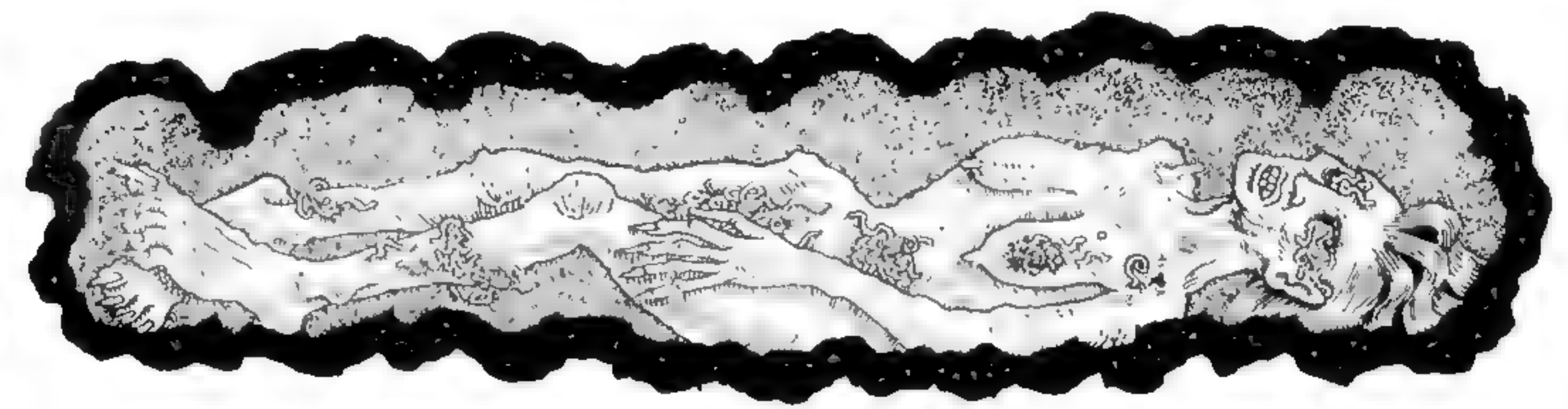
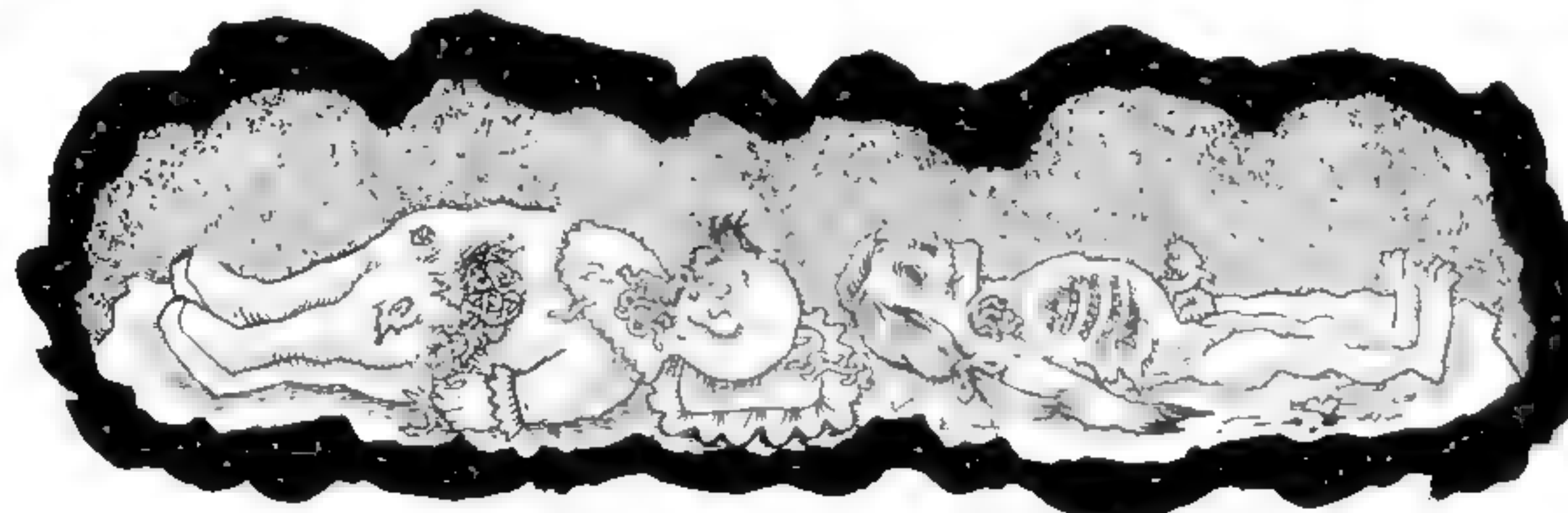
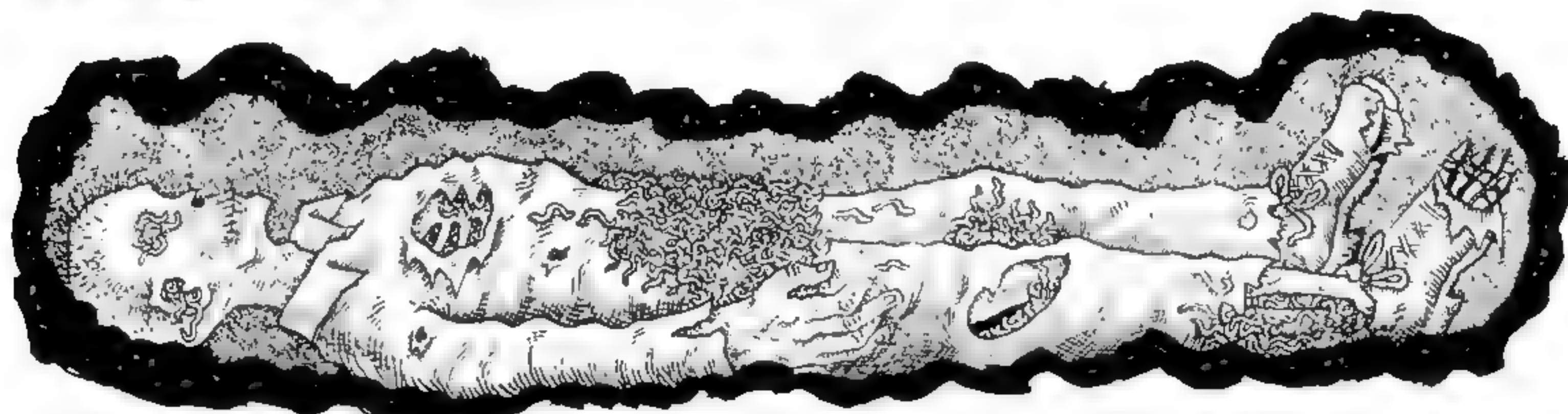
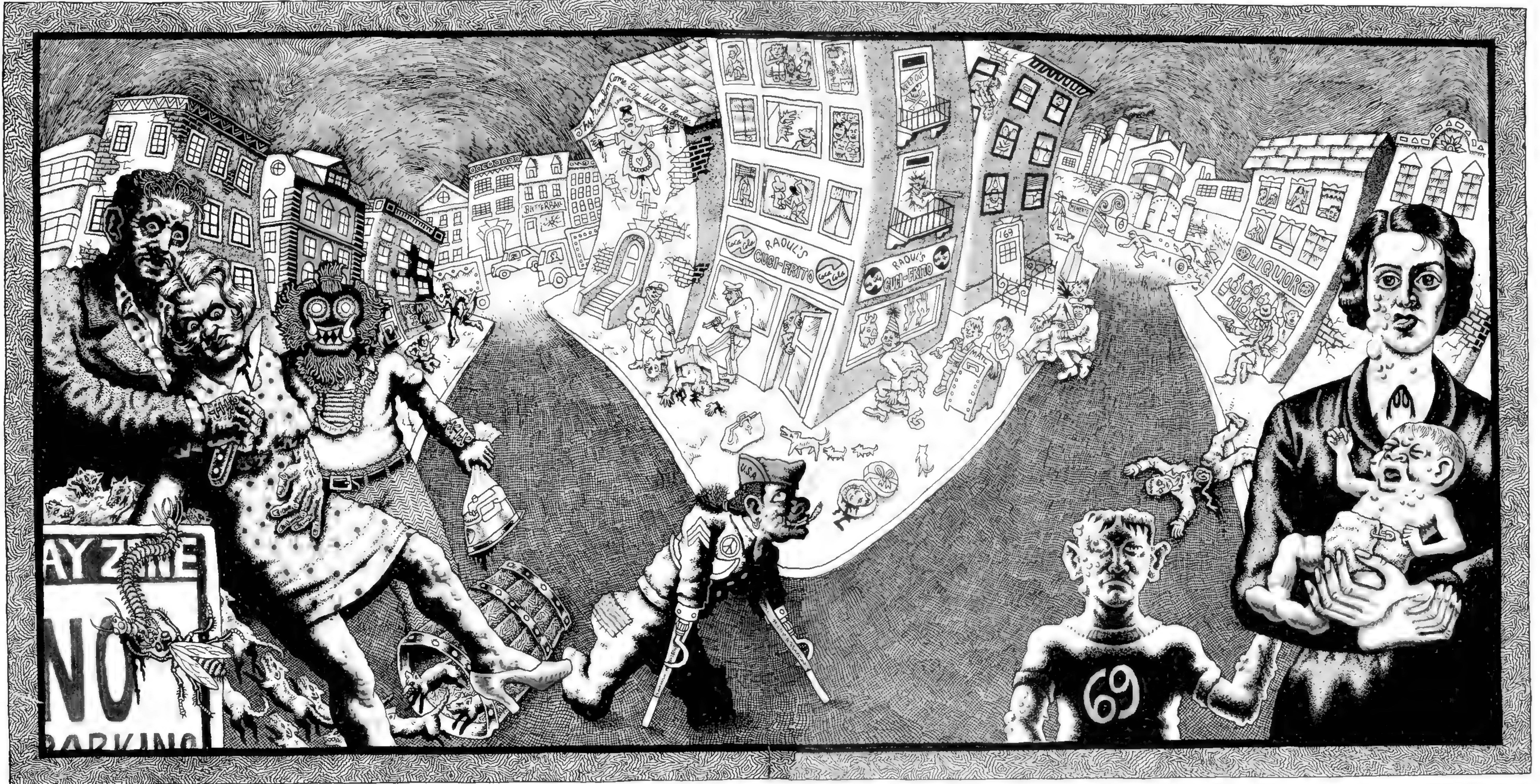
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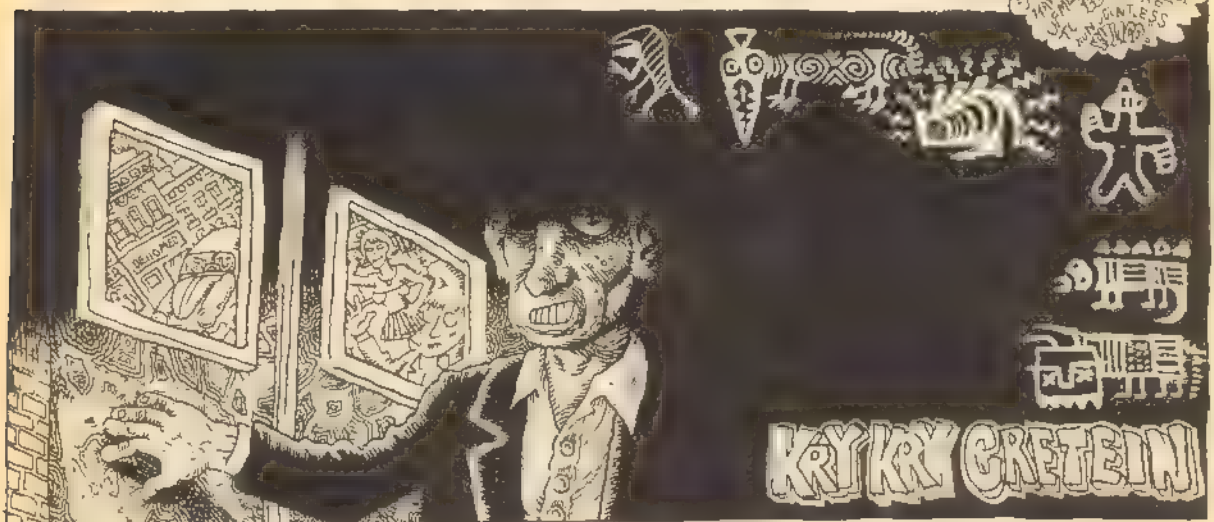
But they that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurfull lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition.
I Timothy vi, 9

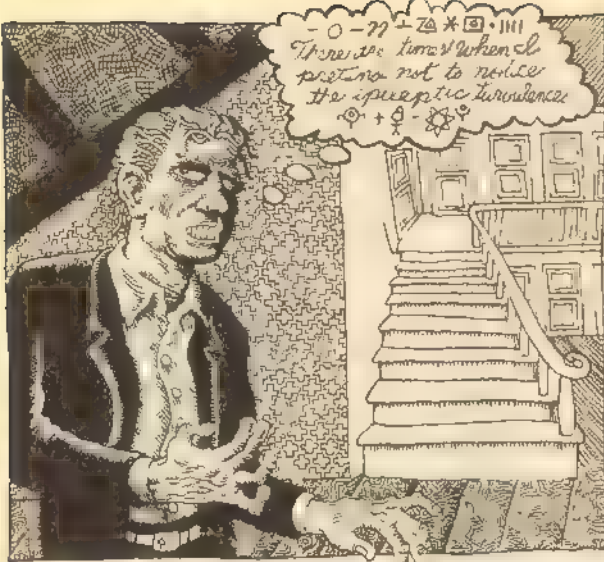
Come unto me, all ye that Labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.
Matthew xi, 28.

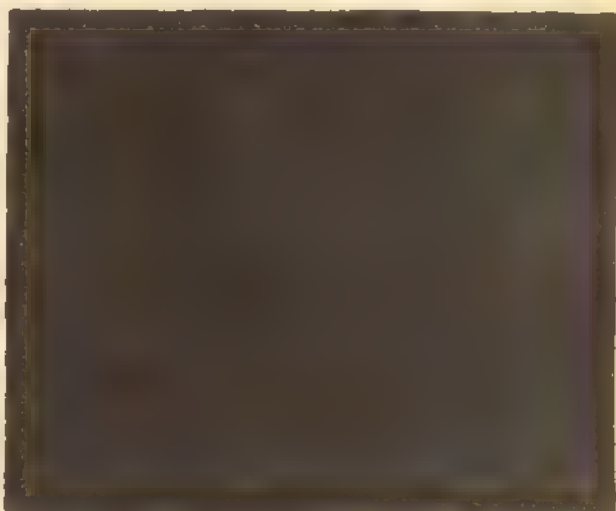
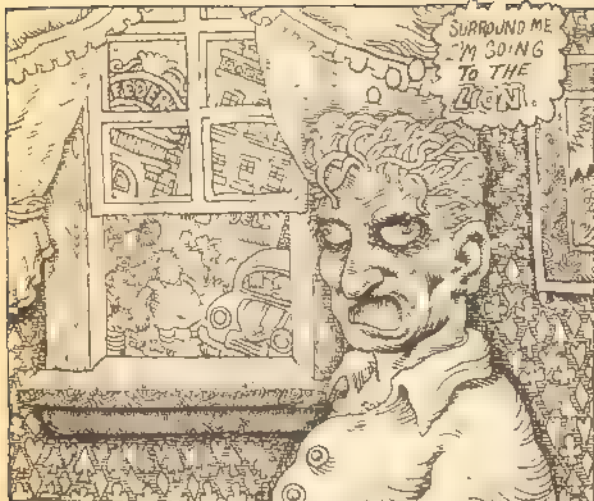
Woel Woel Woel to the inhabitants of earth. Revelation viii, 13. All in whose nostrils was the breath of life . . . died. Genesis, 22. Behold, the hour is at hand. Matthew xxvi, 45.

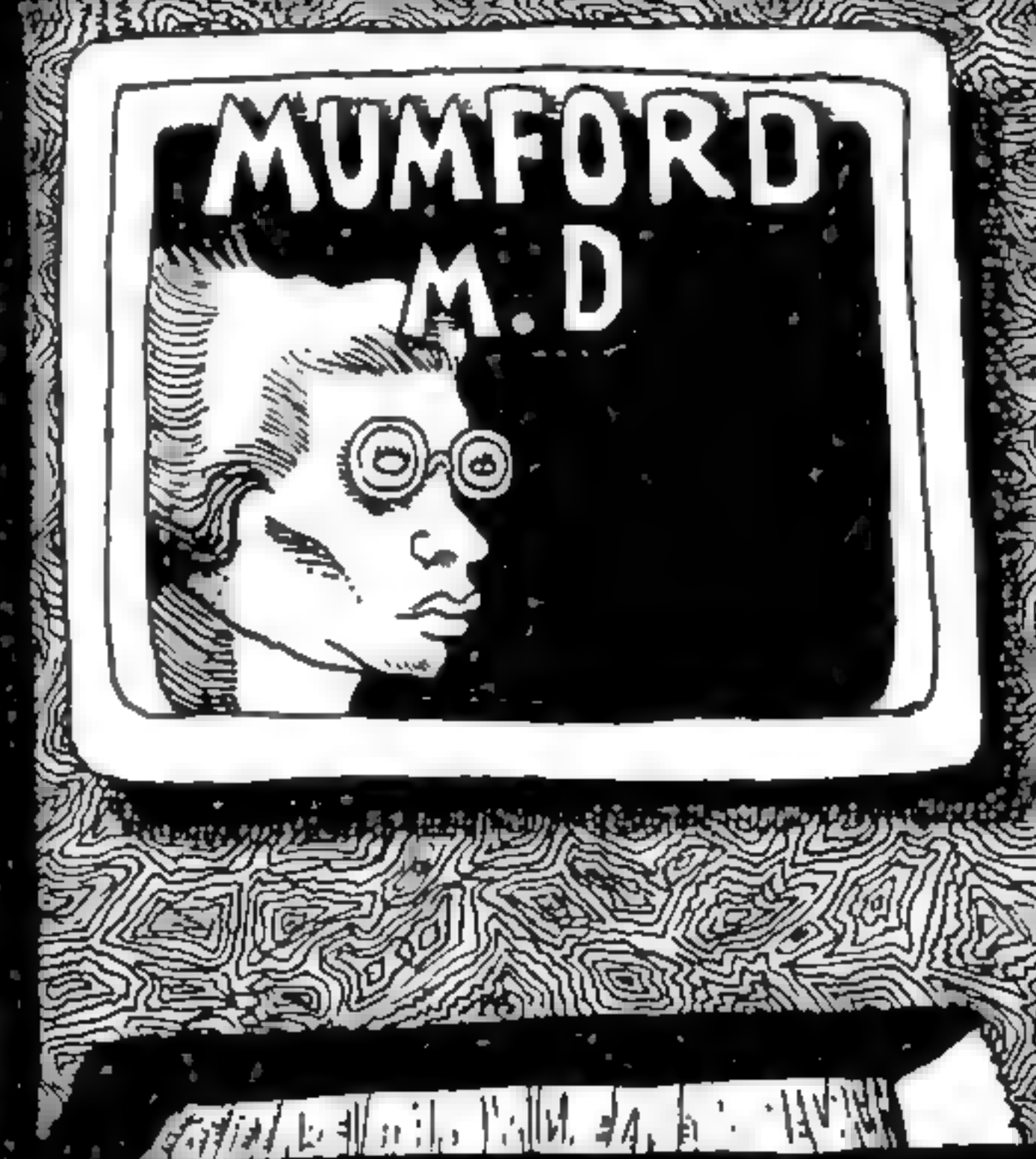
What man is it that liveth, and shall not see Death? Shall he deliver his soul from the hand of the grave?
Psalm lxxxix, 48.















THE
END
For now



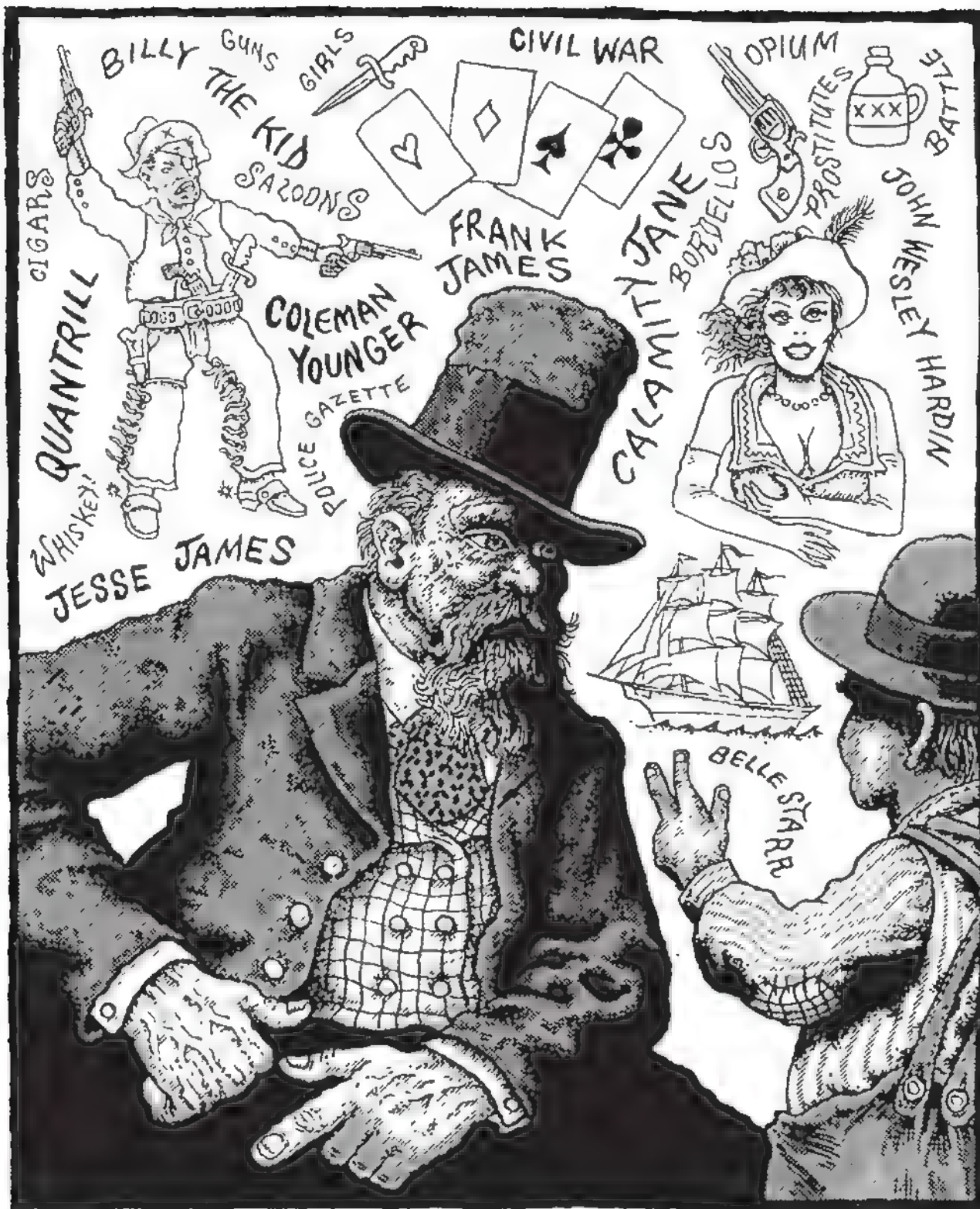
THIEF
BURGLAR
STICK UP MAN
SAFE CRACKER

HOBBO
CONVICT
OPIUM ADDICT
AUTHOR

Dedicated to the Johnson family

THE CORNMAN

13



















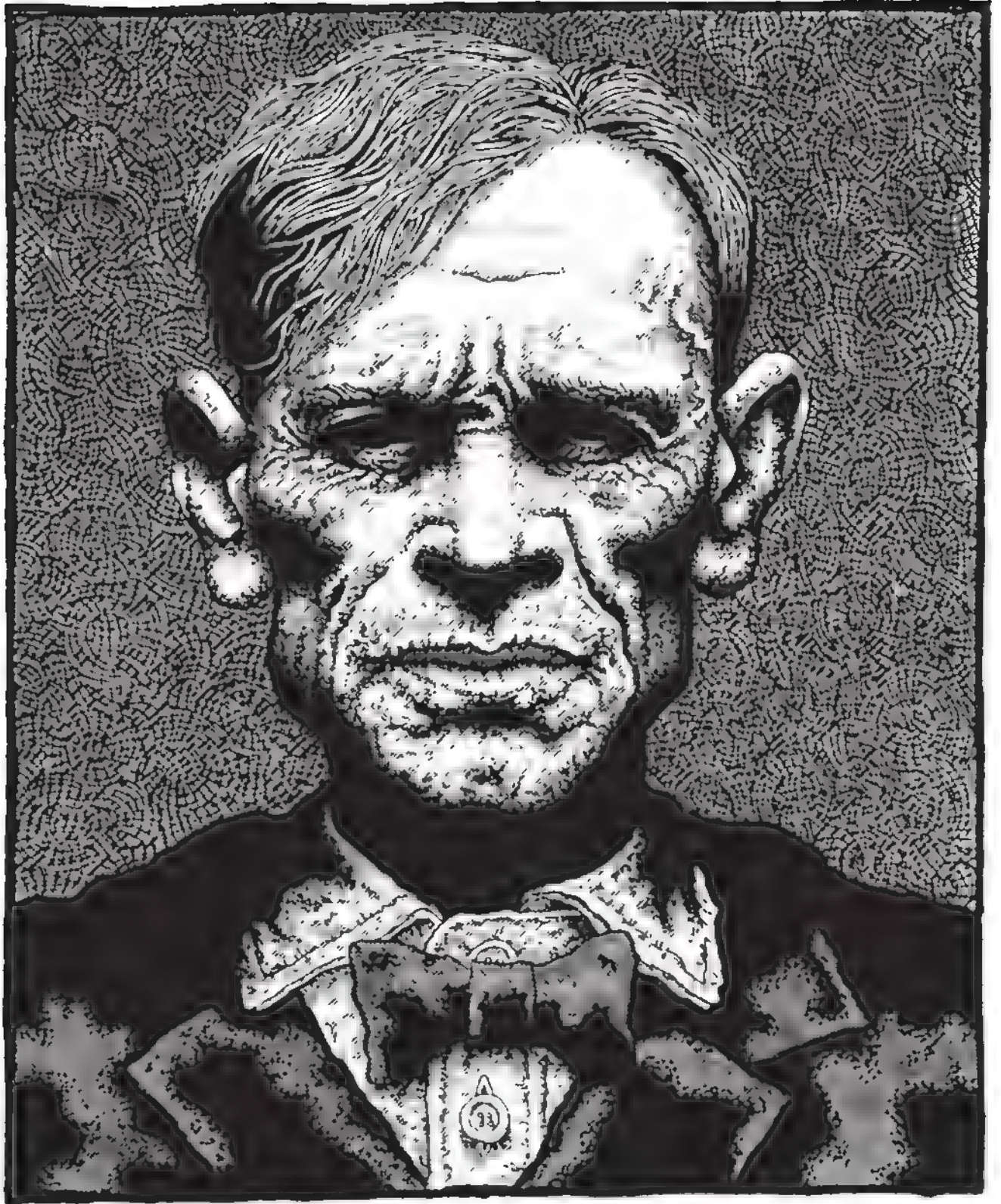




















I met a number of women hobos, among whom was Leg-and-a-Half Peggy. She was born in the slums of Chicago, one of 11 children. Her leg had been cut off by the propeller of a speed boat when she had fallen out of it. She told me her story at great length; it was such a repetition of one sex adventure after another. Peggy was a prostitute as well as a tramp, and whenever she had to make a little money she sold her poor mutilated body to a man. And apparently there were plenty of takers.

SMOKE CIGARS



DRINK
Coca Cola





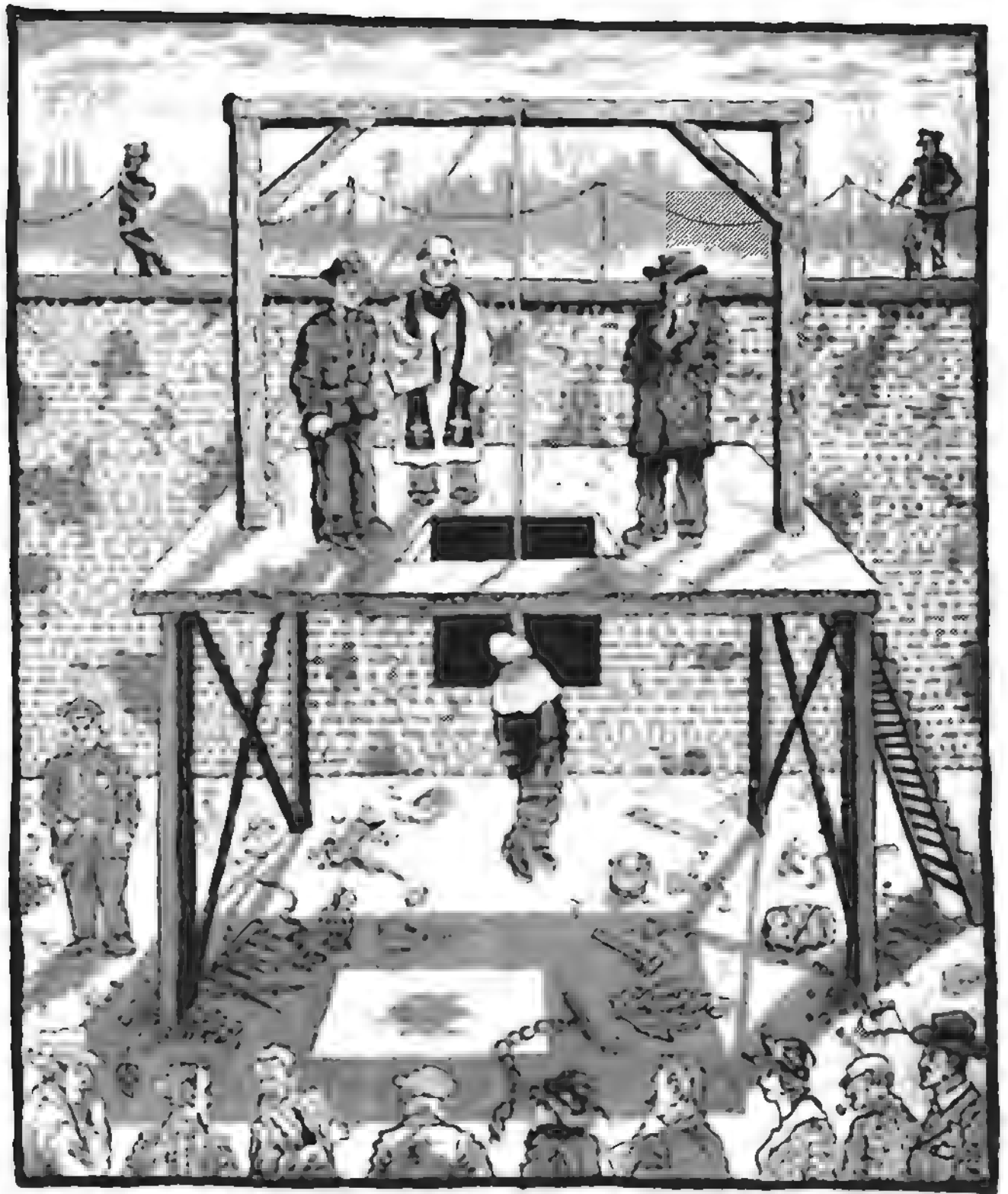










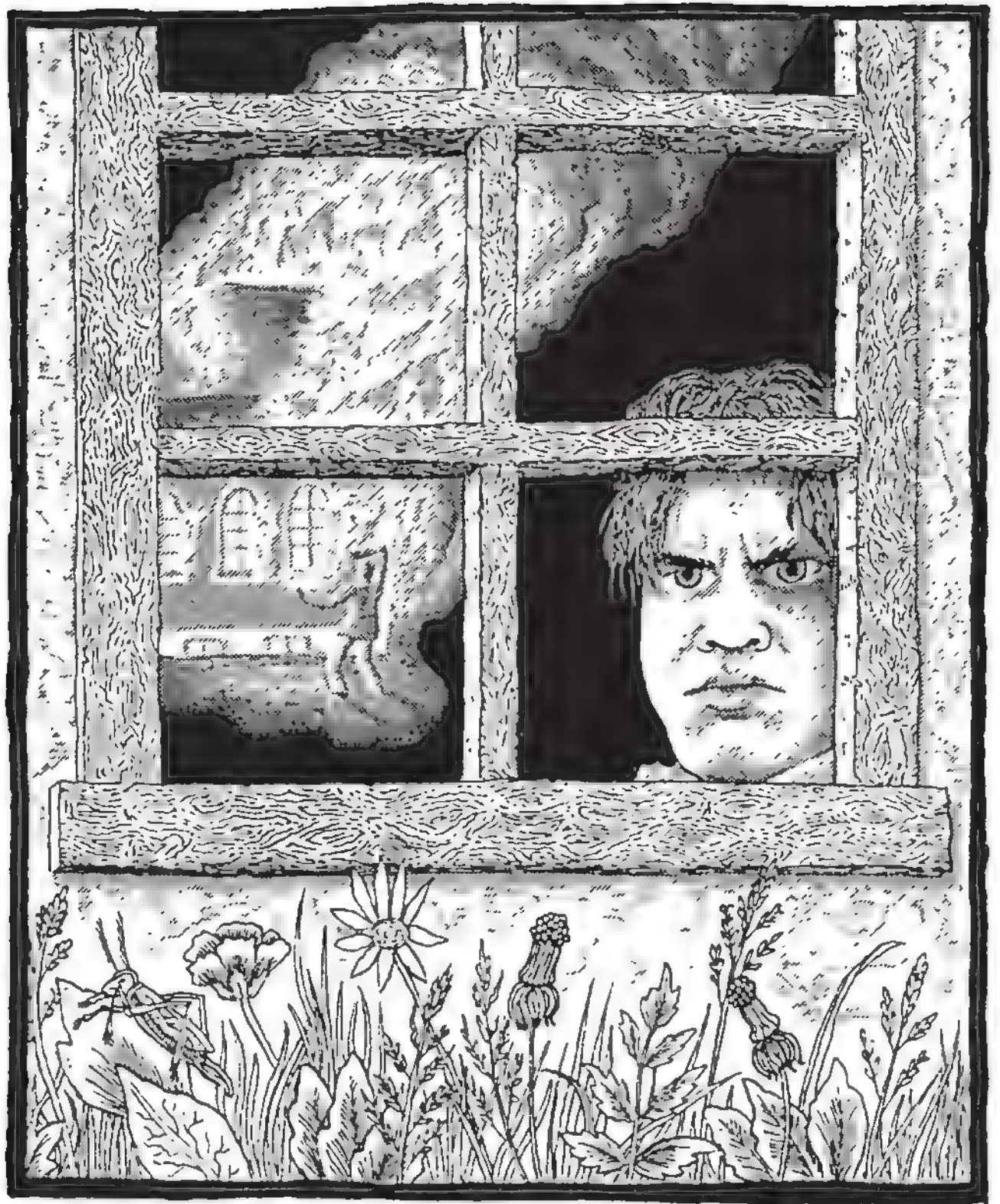










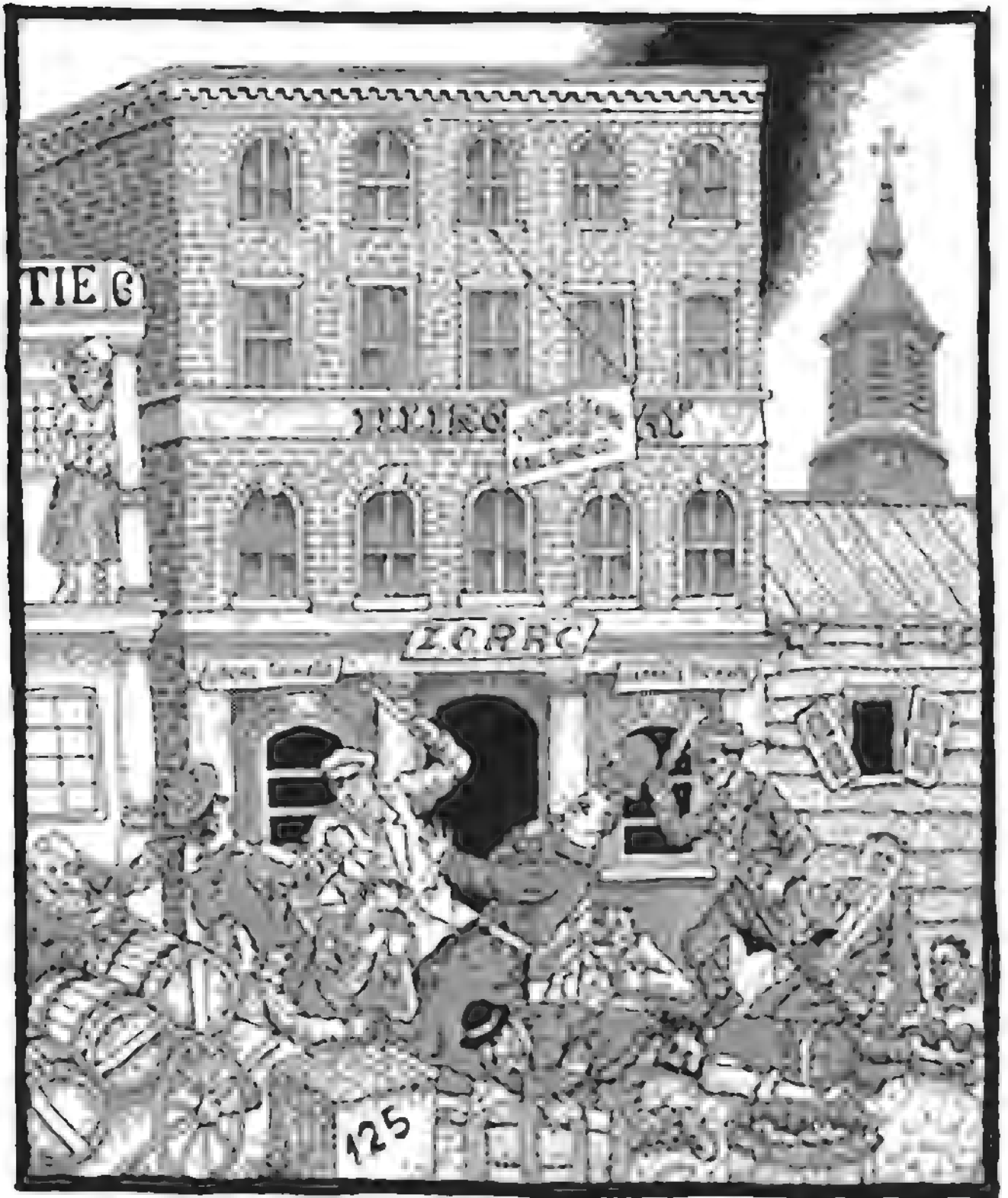


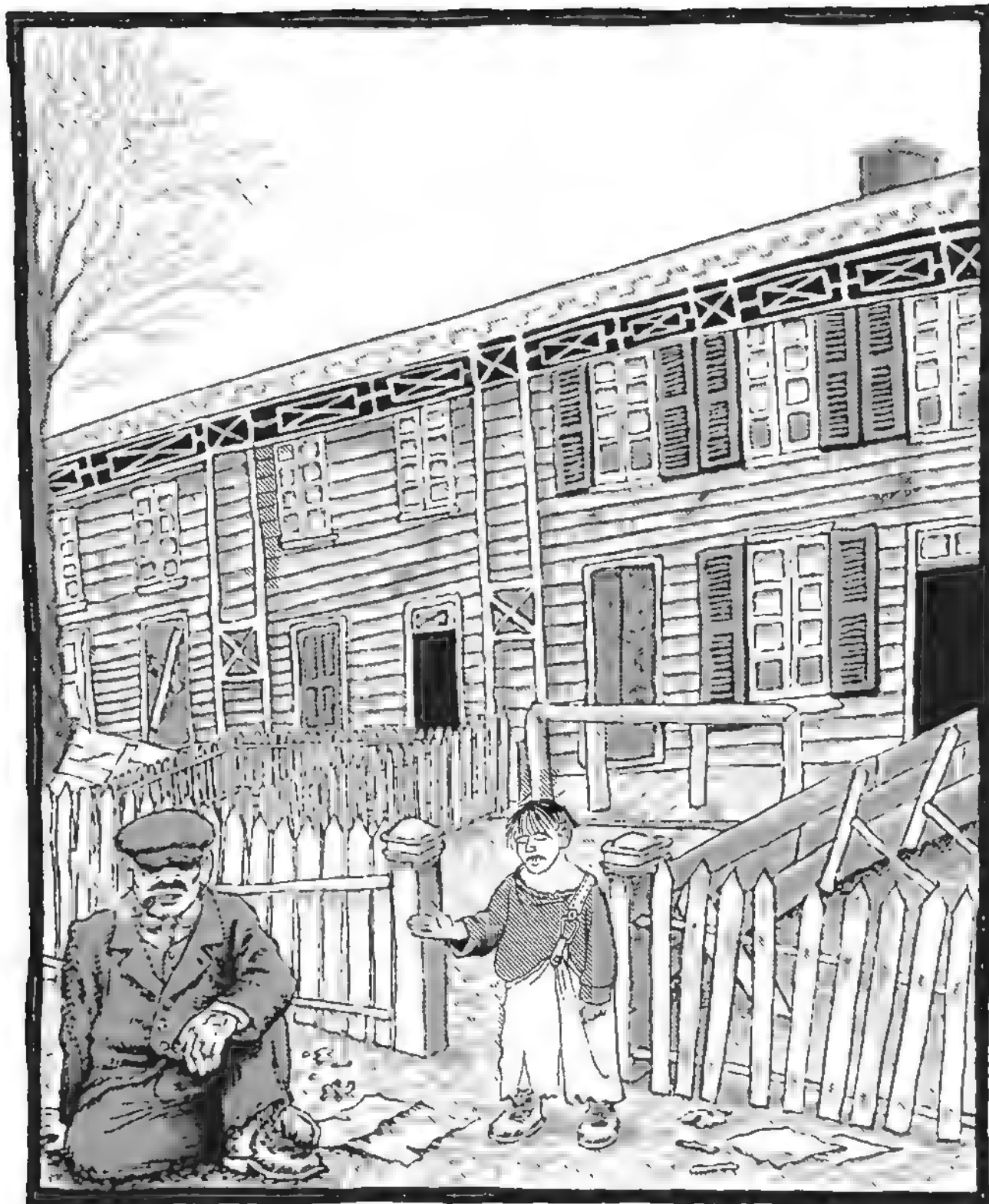




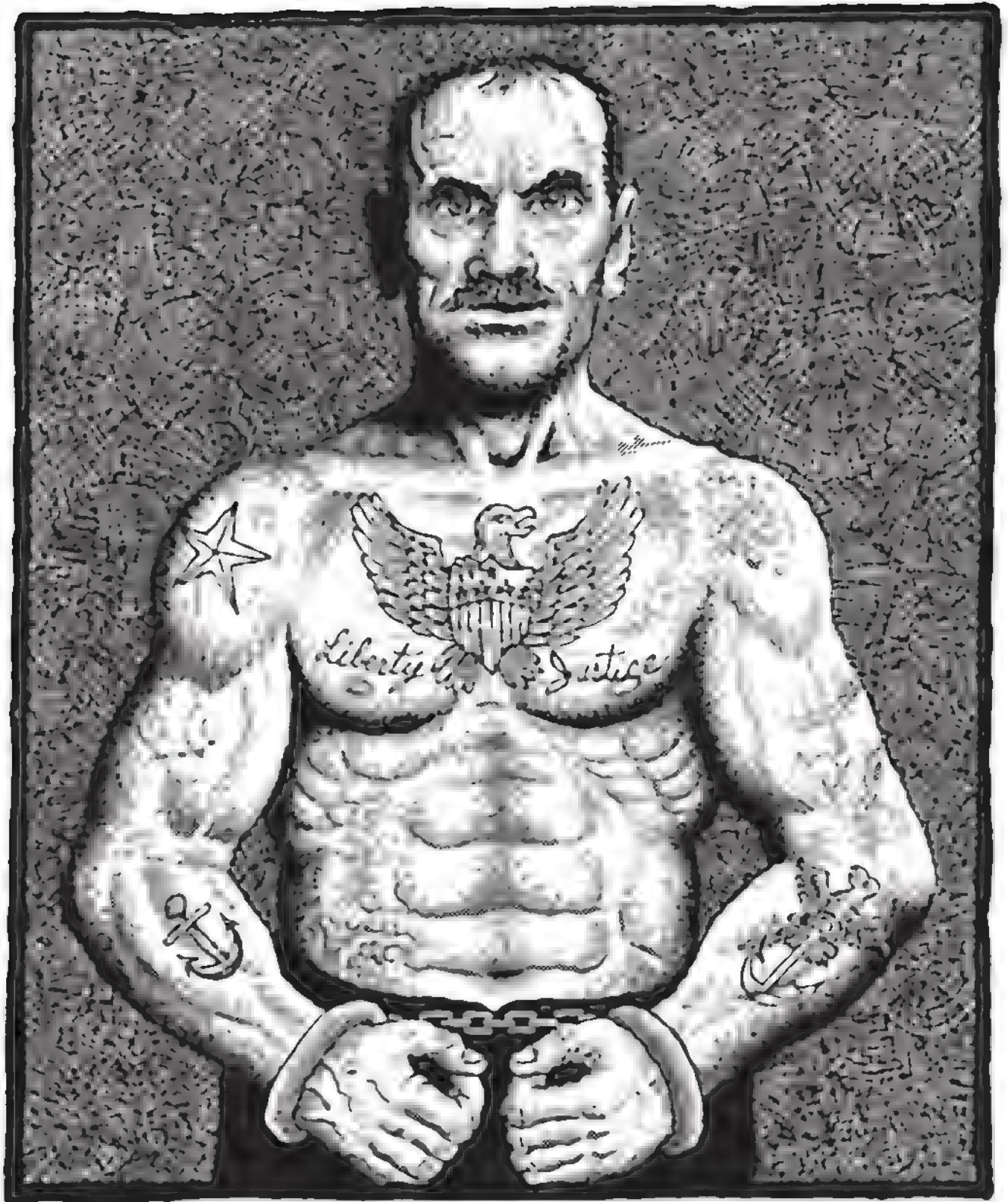


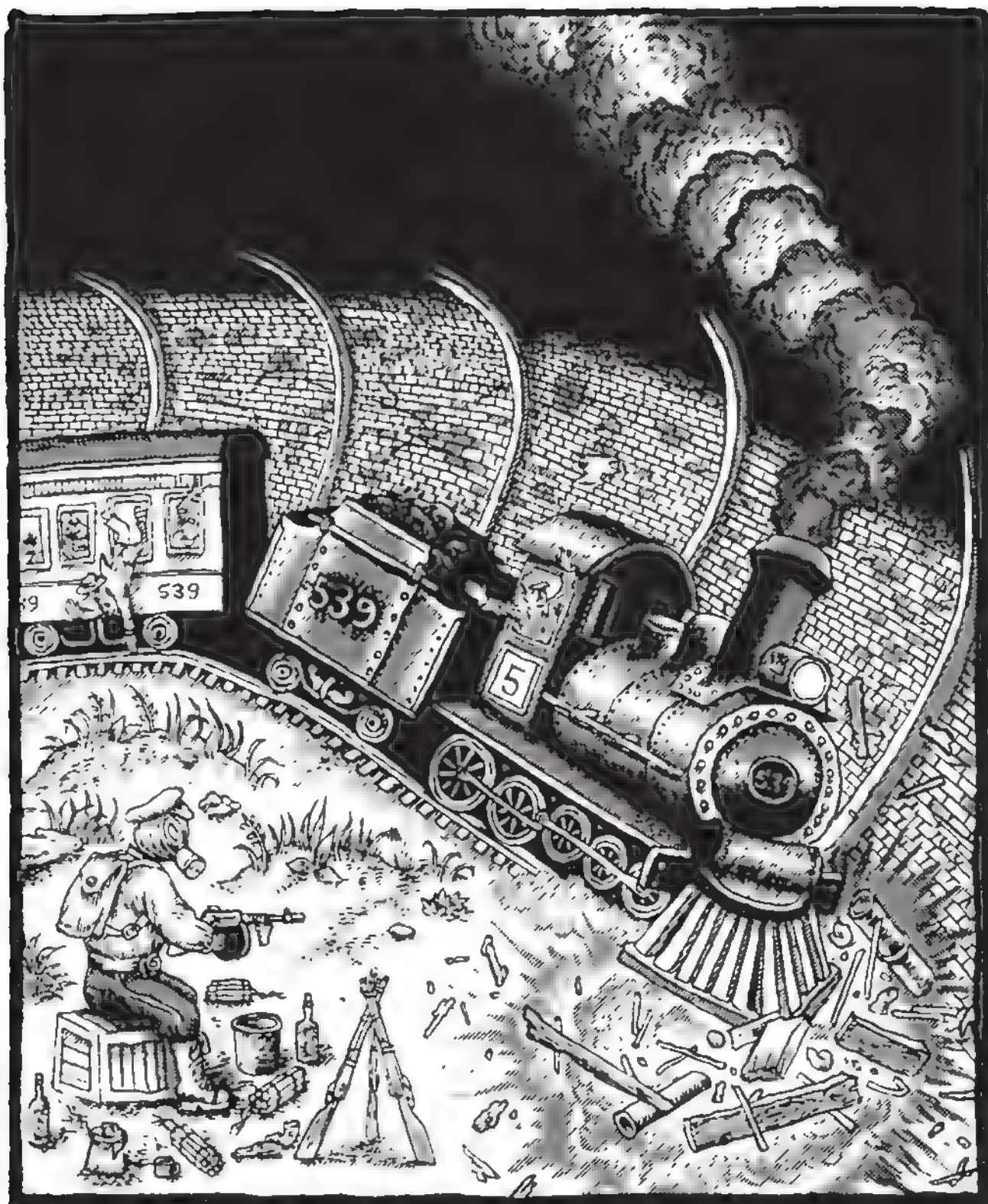






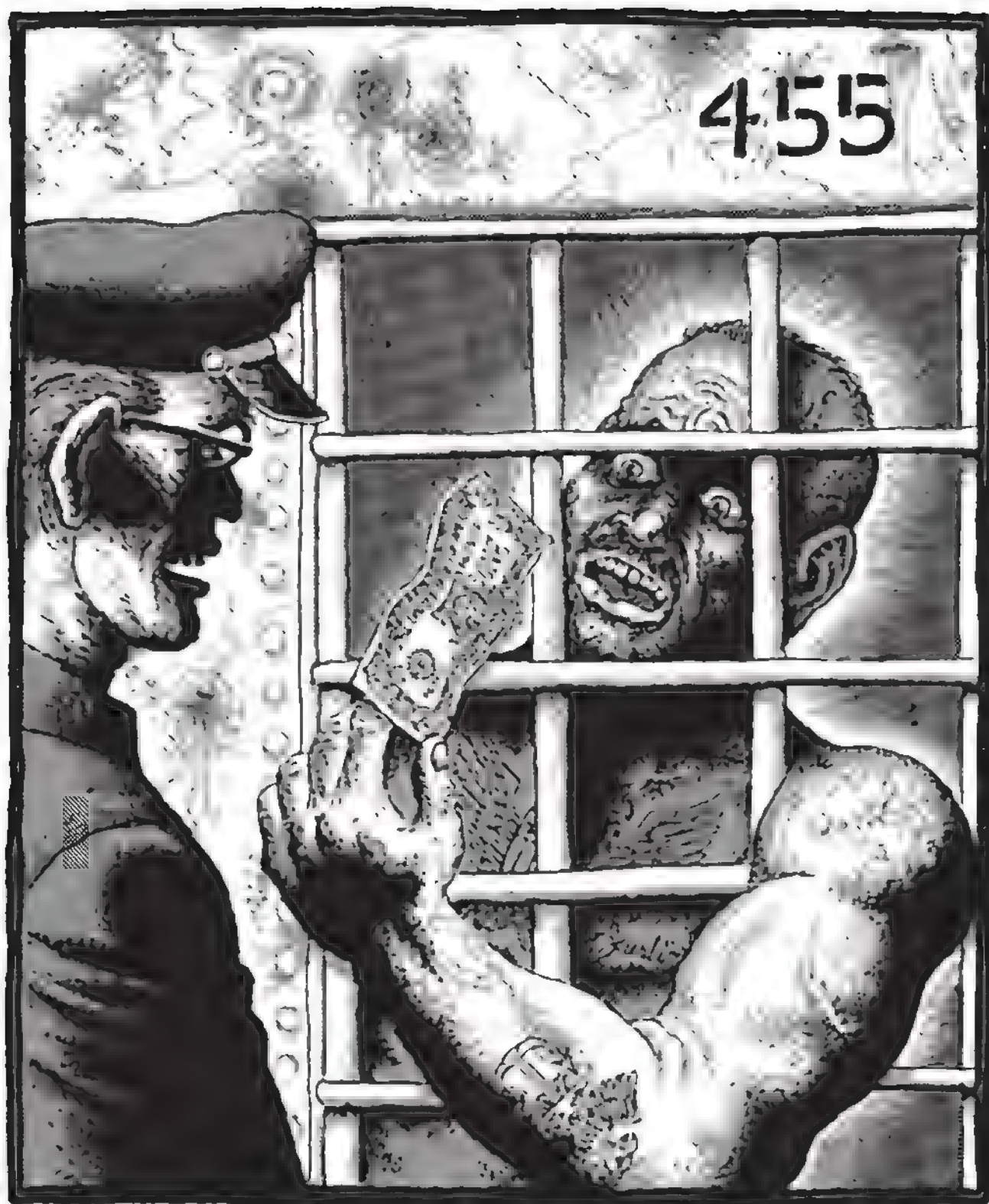




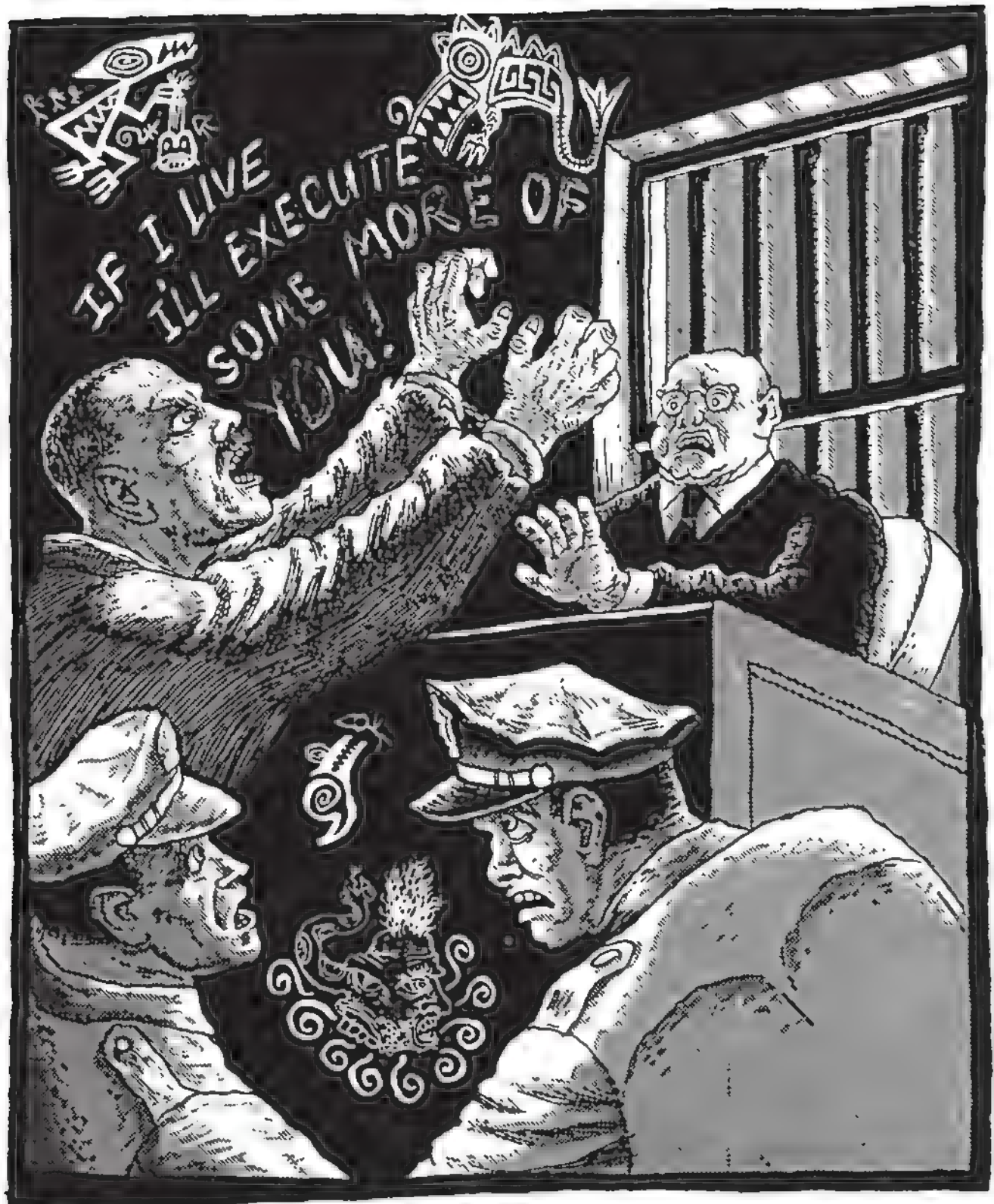




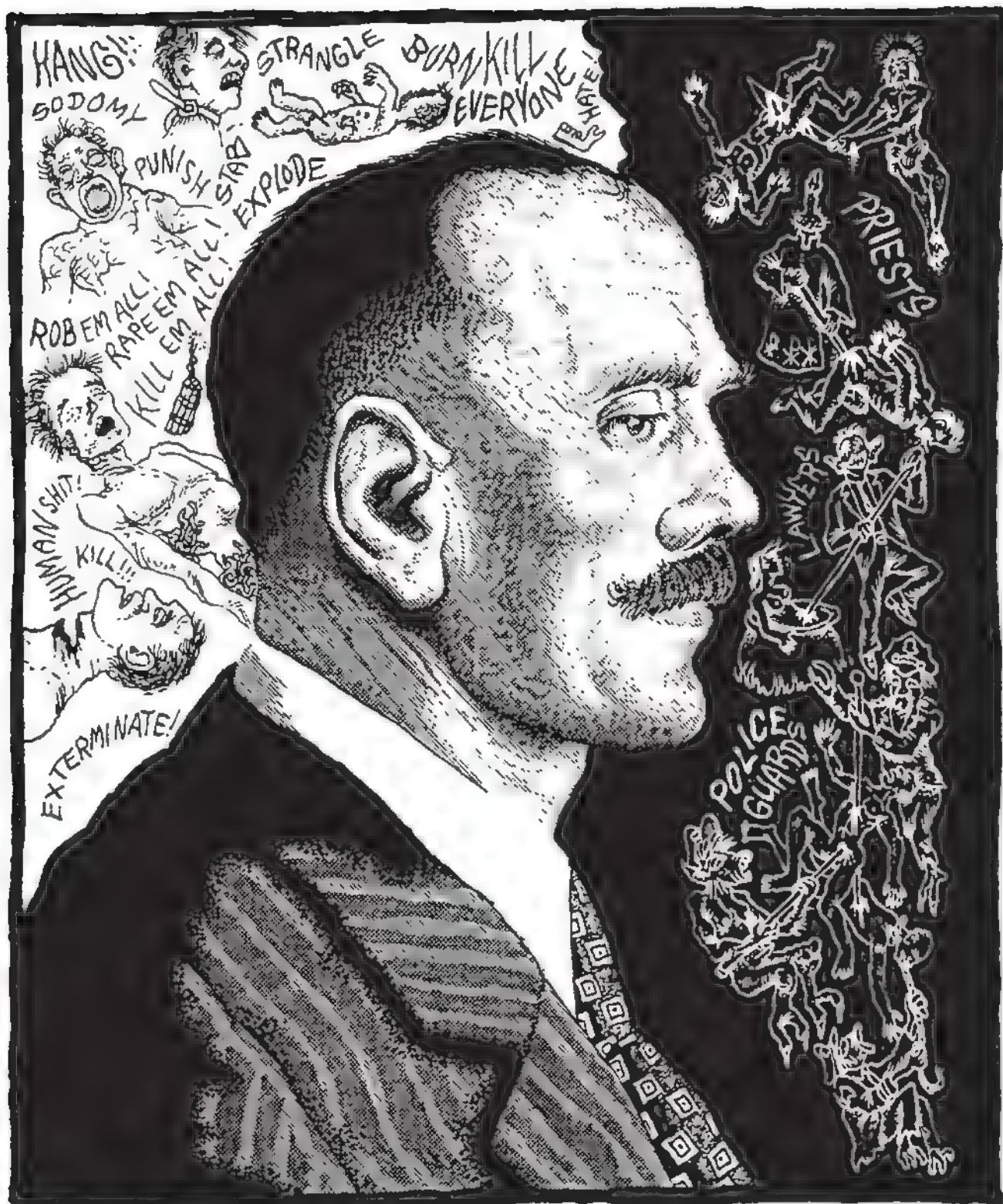




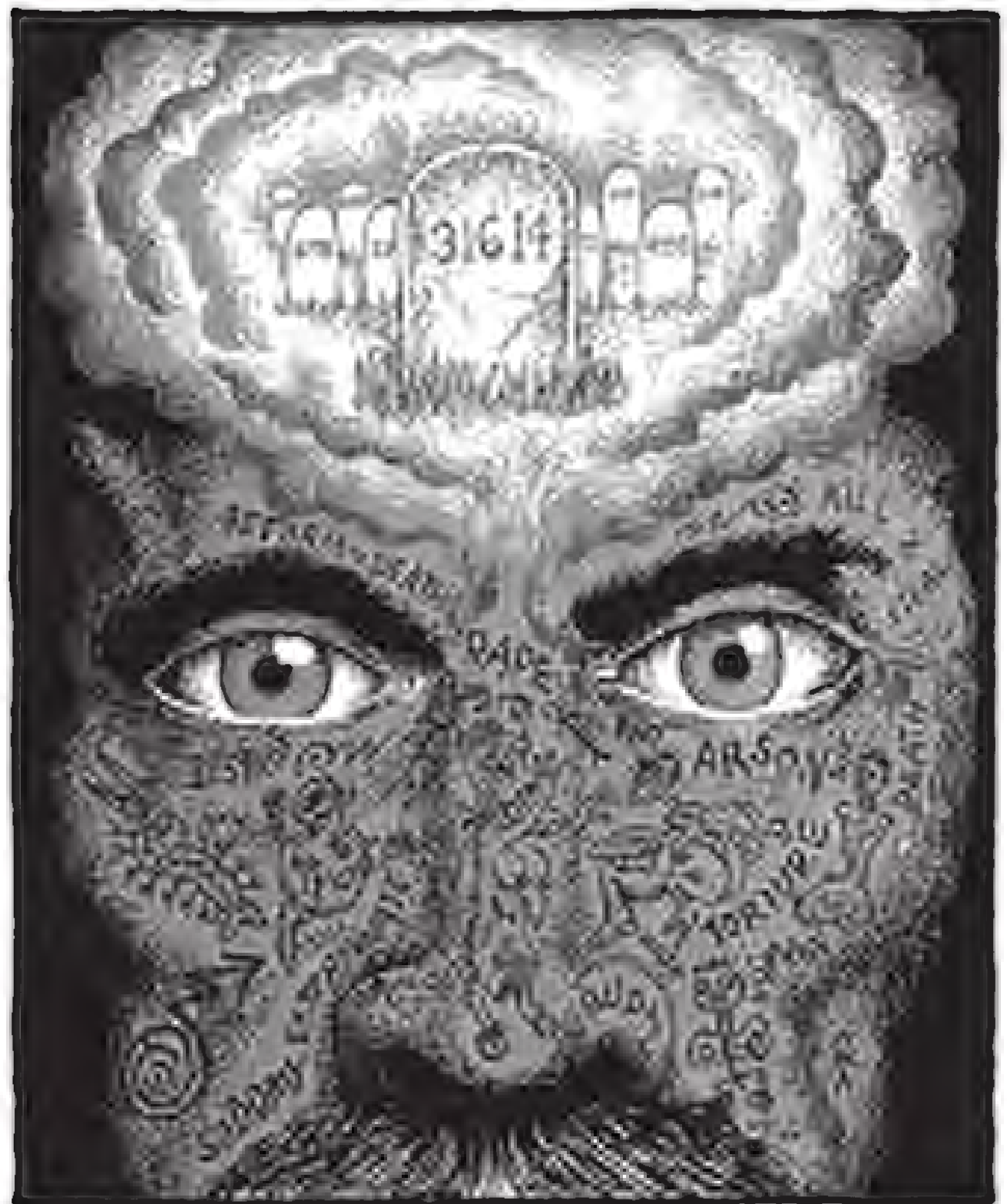














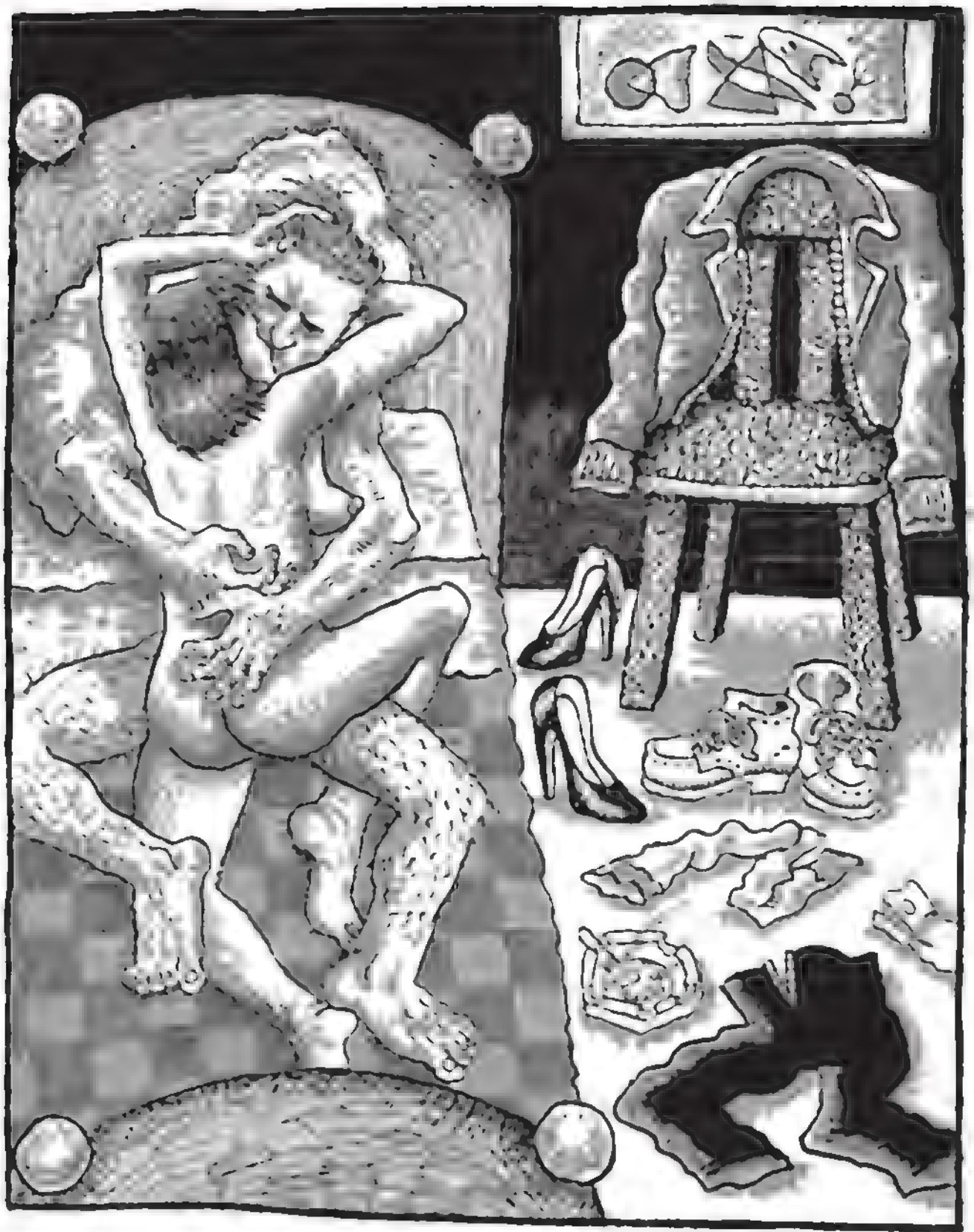








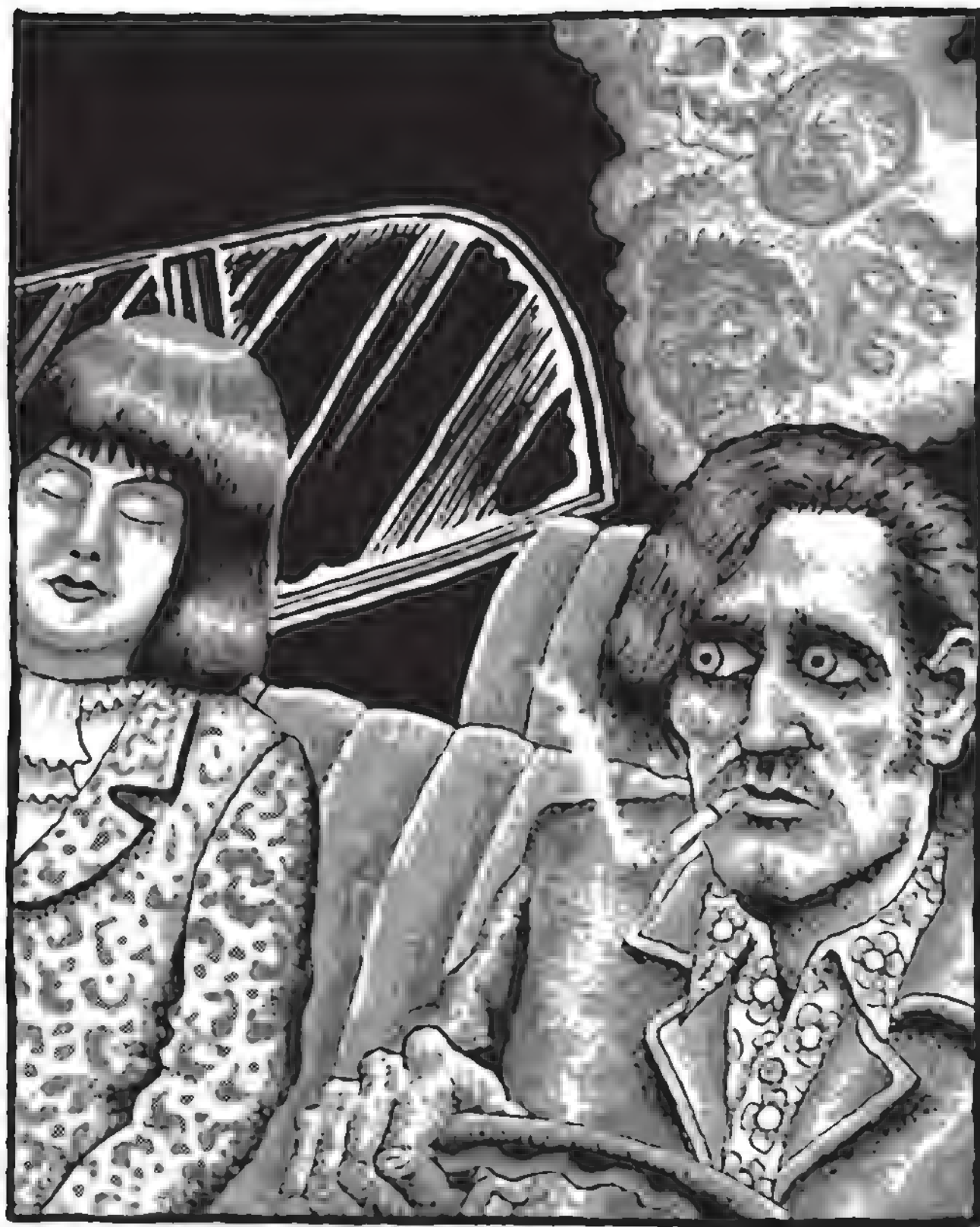














DINNER

23.00

17

SPECIAL

19.00

50.00

BAR

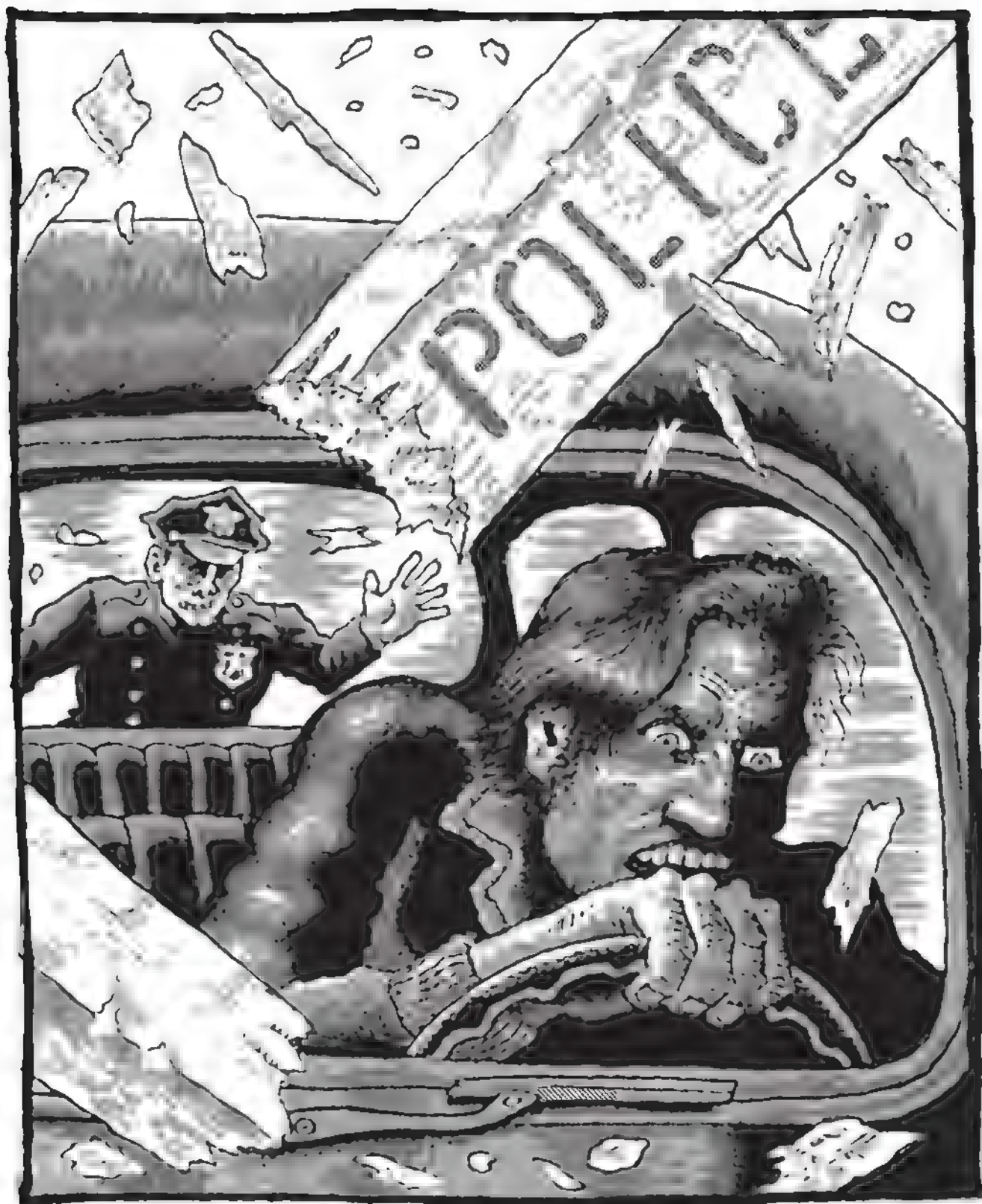
VACAN

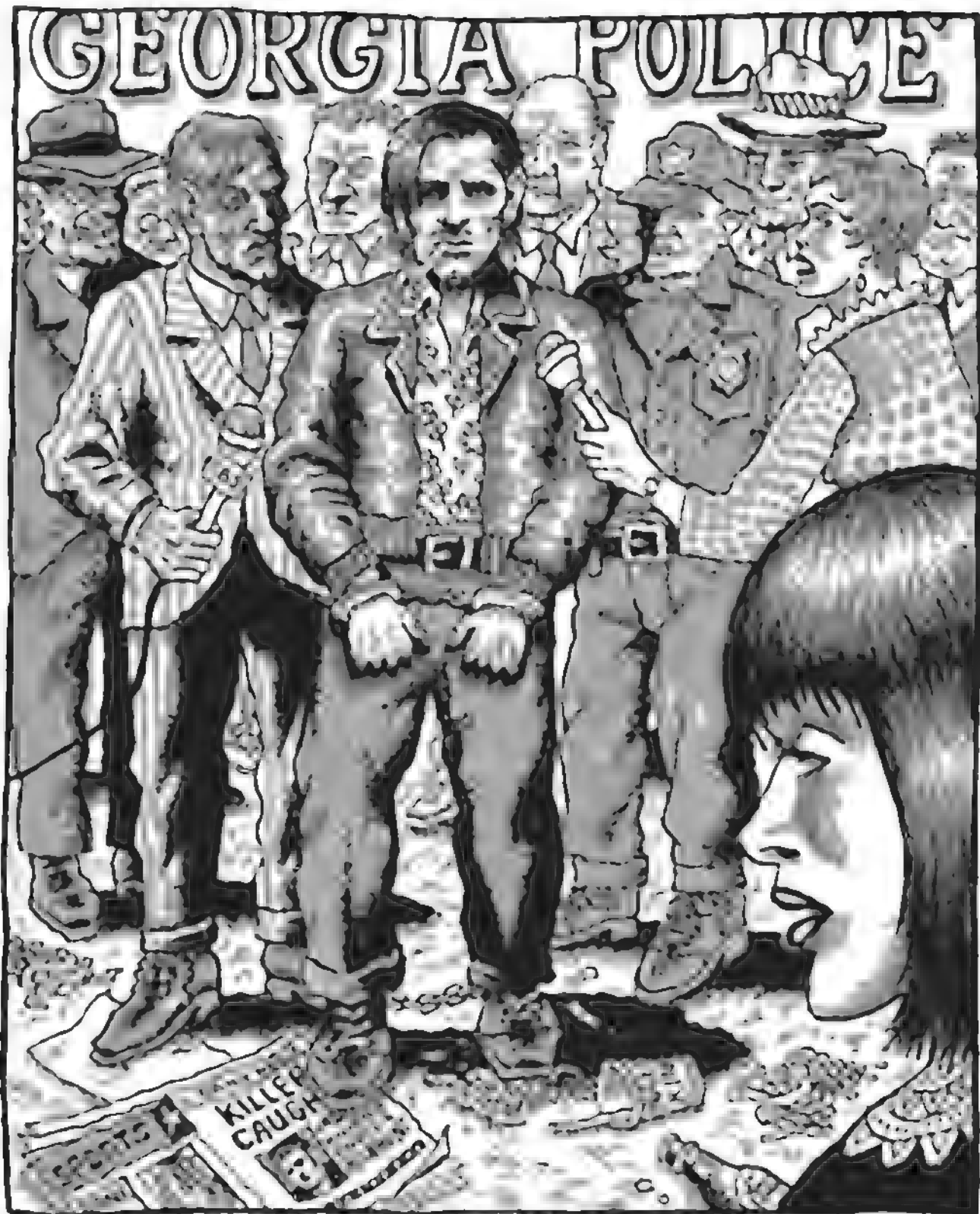
















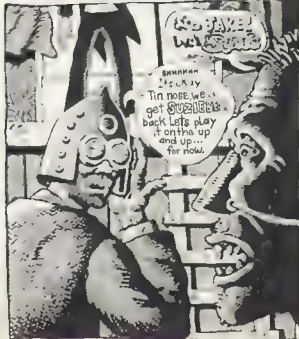
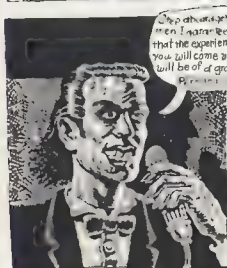
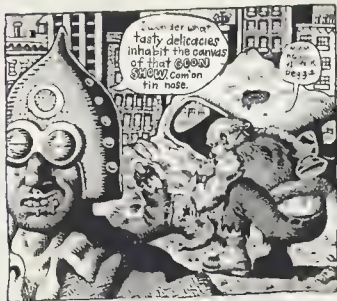
HITBOOK

She was a British home-stay
assignment in the U.S. He was
handsome and charming - a
psychopath and mass murderer
searching for his seventeenth
victim.

KILLING TIME

The bizarre but true story
of two weeks of love and terror.
By Sandy Fawkes, the woman
who lived to write his book.

Story of
and terror
relation
back.



Well my friends
don't fear! your goggles
on this morbid landscape
safety a treasureable experi-
ence to a man of such
esoteric interest as
yourselves

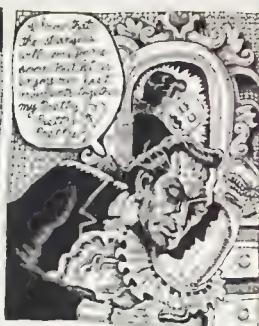


Well gentlemen I
will leave you now.
Enjoy yourself come
again, and tell your
friends.

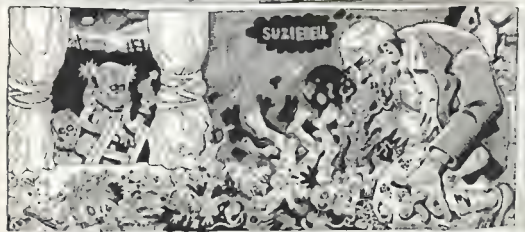
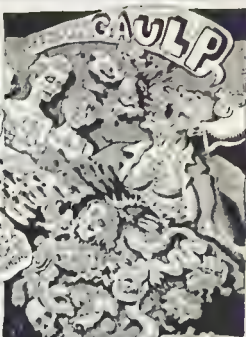
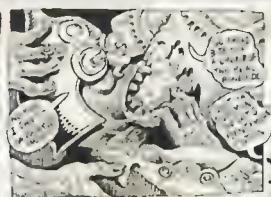


Please Sir you
must help me I have
wealth and influence.
I can get you things
if you aid me I was kid-
napped three months ago
my name is ABEL MURK.









The more of ob-
 the salvation
 and but dried up
 what remained
 to the surface
 as cosmic ulcers
 those who served
 the assured in ignorance
 the movement was rape
 for HIGHWAY
 highway

MUTANT ROMANCE

In The Post Atomic Era



by JOE COLEMAN





Disease is the blessed mother of creation.
Die-fuck the festering sore protruding off the gamma-graced cat's head cut open.
Oh, the holy carcinoma of the cervix
Oh, the sacred pelvic peritonitis
Cleanse my friable nodules so that I may bleed Atomic Revelation



Carnage, the sensuous truth of destruction.
You swallow up the humanscape in passionate annihilation
And spit out the seeds of mutant destiny.



How I long for the kiss of keratosis lips on my syphilitically fissured tongue.
SMACK! . . . the pain of suction
A dribble of blood and pus down a hair lip.
Off we go! Like a spinning Greek gyro.
. . . Mincemeat flying everywhere . . . clots of hair . . .
It's over.
Leaving two rotting corpses locked in an eternally tangled death's embrace

MUTANT ROMANCE

In The Post Atomic Era

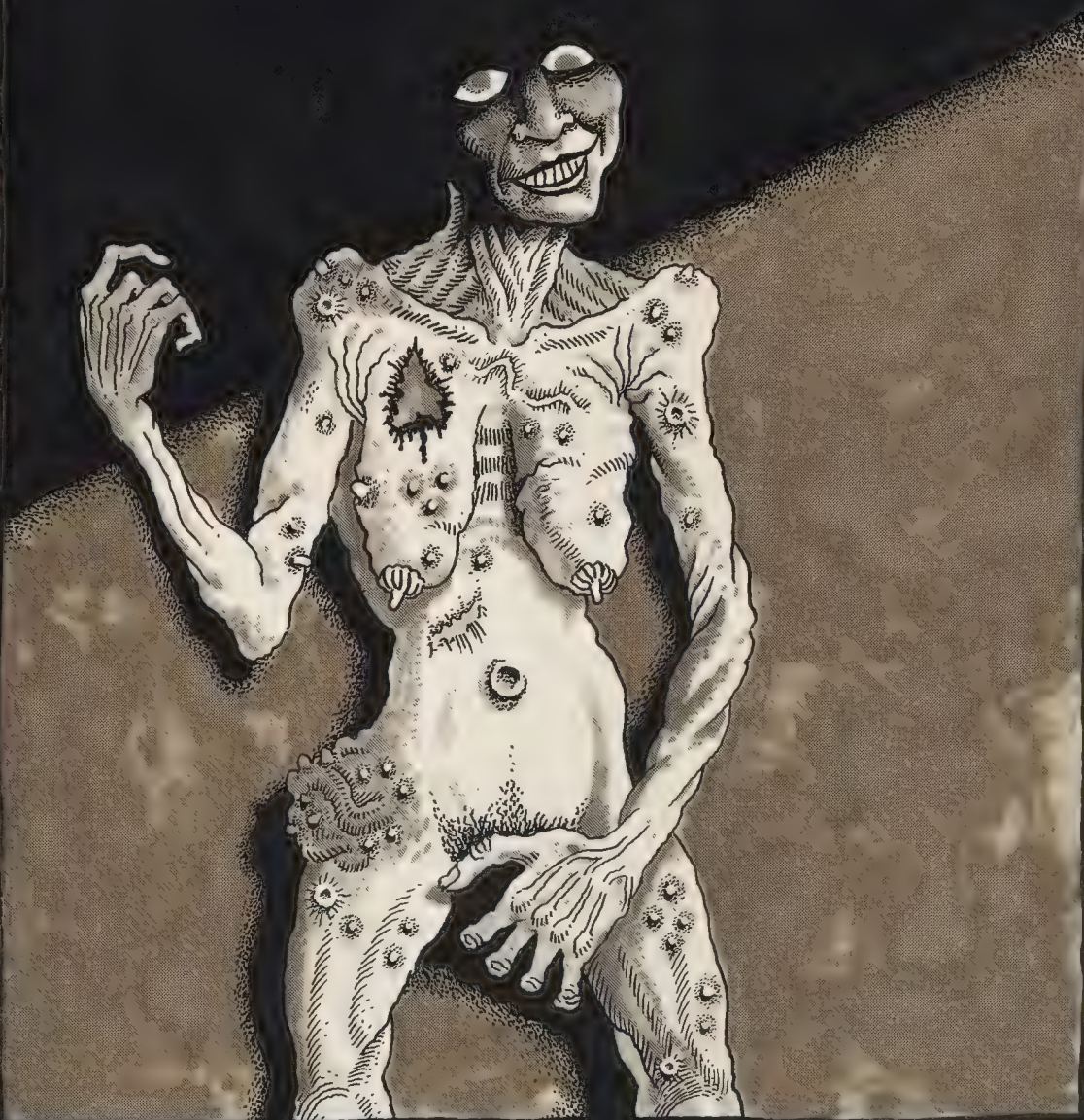


by JOE COLEMAN









A Good Christian

As I kneel before the woman whose soul I have just saved, I am reminded of my childhood...



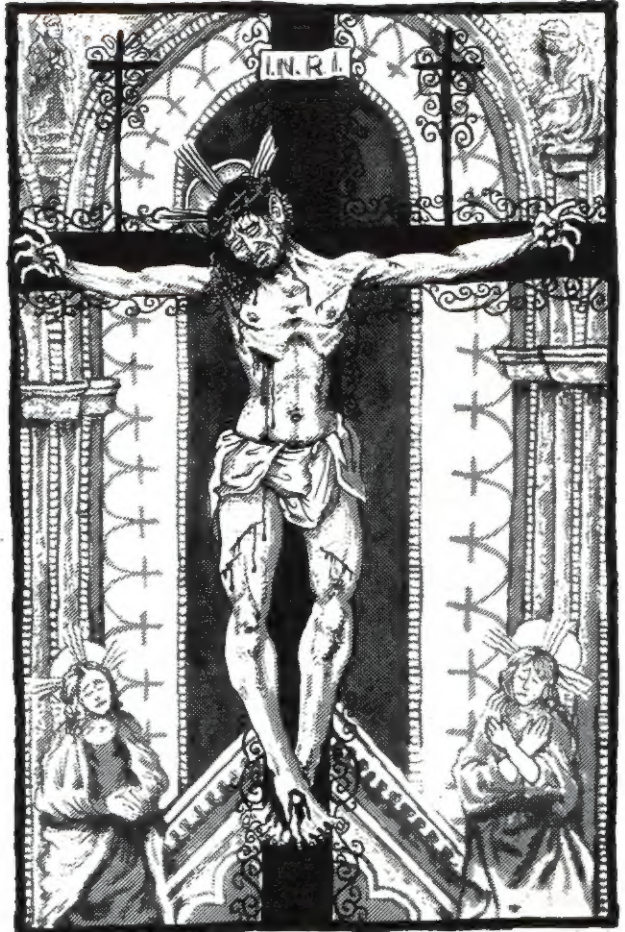
Like rats in a rubbish heap, we lived in "the Rookery", a London slum. My mother seemed to be the one to bear the crushing weight of family responsibility. I always felt sorry for her and tried to help out.

My father usually came home pie-eyed from the gin mills. It seemed that being with the family made him want to smash everything to pieces. It terrified me to watch this bleary-eyed behemoth disembowel our necrotic dwelling.



And always when it was over, she would come to me, and I would caress my mother's pain away. It made me feel powerful that I could heal and that an adult would need me. But at the same time, I had an exciting feeling that left me with a dread of the impure.

I refused to hang out with the other guttersnipes in the Rookery. So, I spent my time in church, enthralled by the "passion" of Jesus Christ. I realized there was something holy in my wretched existence and that holiness was "suffering".



As a young man I often passed the "daughters of joy" who worked the streets of the East End. It caused me to again be racked with the dread of the impure. I knew there must be a rite of purification to cleanse this primordial taint.



*So I paid her to beat, rip and tear my corrupt flesh,
till the blood flowed like the wine of the Eucharist.*



*Now I felt holy and pure, I walked with God, and all
around me was mankind, a sewage of sin. "God saw that
the wickedness of man was great on Earth, and his heart
formed only evil designs all the day long" (Gen. 6:5)*



*It was the daughters of joy that I wanted to save. I had been loved, now
I must show my love, and God spoke to me in church, "Thus shall the
sacrificer make expiation for them and it shall be forgiven them" (Lev.
4:20) I will offer them as a holy sacrificial gift to God.*

*I went to the East End and found
my first holy martyr. So with knife
in hand I began my crusade.*



For the life of the flesh is in the blood. This blood I have given you that you might perform on the altar the rite of expiation for your lives; for it is the blood which atones for a life. (Lev.17:11)

Only the immolation opens the door to a possible idea of penal substitution; in the place of his death the faithful man considers with a contrite heart the victim that represents him.

